

The BLAST

Vol. II.

SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 15, 1917

No. 1



*"But this I know, that every Law
That men have made for Man,
Since first Man took his brother's life,
And the sad world began,
But straws the wheat and saves the chaff
With a most evil fan."*

Robert Minor

"Thou Shalt Kill," Says Cunha

Robert Minor

ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY CUNHA addressed the jury in an opening statement of the case against Thomas J. Mooney. Cunha is an unimpressive man, small, pretty-faced and of childish style; his words faltered, became confused and had to be repeated time and again. But it was soon to be seen that he was attempting his best oratory, a harangue, a plea to twelve men to kill one man.

It was a plea for death, pure and simple, not a recital of fact, not a recital of anything near fact; nothing that he could prove, but a wild collection of all words and all loose statements that he could summon to his tongue's end to goad that jury on to a killing. It was a speech by a man who believes in killing, who wants death to be done; and so deep was his desire to goad the jury on to it, that *fact* took wing and flew from the room. Lies reigned supreme, for lies, not truth, goad men to kill; and crazy lies they were, almost unbelievably crazy. One would almost have to question his ears to credit that the statements made by Cunha were not a joke.

"Mooney was engaged in a plan, an uprising to create prejudice against the government. I am going to reveal to you his real inward purpose, his ulterior motive, not in good faith: his object was revolution. He published it in a paper. I am going to prove that Mooney did not believe in preparedness; I am going to show, over his own signature, that he said that preparedness should be thrown right back into the teeth of the preparedness advocates; that he said that preparedness would be death to revolution. I am going to prove that to you.

"Mooney was a member of a group of people who wanted to take direct possession of capital for the class that might be called 'those who work.' They were interested in a newspaper called THE BLAST, and this newspaper was published for the direct purpose of opposing American preparedness. I am going to show you that it was not merely incidental, that they deliberately started that paper to oppose preparedness and that they said they would oppose preparedness, and they announced in that paper their purpose. I am going to prove to you, beyond a reasonable doubt, that their purpose was printed in that paper, and that it was to oppose preparedness, and they wanted to confiscate private property; and these people call themselves 'The Blasters.' When they started that newspaper, THE BLAST, they sent letters and announcements to radicals; they wanted to find the radical people in the community to send this paper to, and they made up their subscription lists of radical people in order to get radicals; and they believed in direct action, such as to burn up a million dollar wharf and assassinate the President. They advised violence to stop the parade, and they accused certain labor leaders. *The Labor Clarion* refused to exchange with them. We are going to prove that Billings carried a suitcase; that he carried a suitcase from 721 Market street to Steuart and Market streets, and Mooney met him down at Steuart and Market. Billings was one of those radicals that this gang of people got their paper to. We are going to prove by persons whose testimony can not be disputed, that Mooney met Billings at Steuart and Market streets.

"Mooney was in a conspiracy against labor unions, against the American Federation of Labor. His real inward purpose was to betray organized labor. Mooney hated the government and the labor unions and the church, that are helpful in keeping society organized as it is."

"Organized as it is"—the words carried me off to a reverie. "Organized as it is"—"keeping society organized as it is." Why, little Cunha? Why? I thought of the streets outside of that courtroom, as those streets would be a few hours later—ragged, hopeless men, stinking saloons, right in front of that Hall of Justice the park that is called by its denizens "Prostitute

Square," and within reach of little Cunha's voice, the Barbary Coast, little narrow streets, red-lighted doors, blazing forth the shame that is for sale—about all of which little Cunha knows and for which little Cunha is not to blame any more than you or I, except insofar as he strives to keep *Society, the Big Barbary Coast*, "organized as it is." Little Cunha and Big Fickert may soon start a "vice clean-up," goaded on as they are by a little preacher in this city. But that would still leave society "organized as it is"—the same poor women following as legitimate a trade as Cunha's (or rather as illegitimate), hard-driven, heart-broken women, baited, as throughout the centuries, by the little Cunhas (assumed to be without sin as they throw their stones). "Society" that robs and starves men into feeble attempts to live, called "crime," and then drags them into the courthouse facing "Prostitute Square," and that pays little Cunha to shout foolishly at them. "Organized as it is"—

But the prosecutor's voice rises for the flourish of his closing:

"Thomas J. Mooney, Alexander Berkman, E. B. Morton and Miss Fitzgerald, if you please, were connected with that conspiracy by their own writings in their own handwriting. And, gentlemen of the jury, when we prove all of this to you, we will ask you to return a verdict of murder in the first degree."

Possibly I do not do justice to Mr. Cunha's speech, but it is hard to remember words spoken without any particular sequence of thought. His sentences were unrelated, his statements wild invective rather than statements. When he finished I sat in astonishment—what was he going to introduce in the way of evidence? It was a relief to hear him admit that he relied upon such trash, but surely the man must not expect to hang a human being upon that jumble! I began to wonder what was going on inside of the small cranium of that small man; and memory took me back to Texas, to San Antonio, and I thought of one evening, in the very shadow of the old Alamo, I stood, at the age of twelve, talking to some other boys, when a shout broke the stillness of the night: "Nigger! Get a rope!" The five of us boys did not wait for more. "Nigger, nigger, nigger!" we yelled. "Get a rope! Get a rope!" We joined the stampede of rushing men and boys—big, burly, ox-faced men for all the world like Fickert, and stupid, irresponsible, pretty-faced boys for all the world like Cunha—running, panting, shouting, shrieking: "Get a rope! Nigger! Nigger!" Wildly the mob swirled down the plaza past the Alamo, trampling over grass and shrubbery, scaring horses, starting runaways, joined by ragamuffins, cowboys, merchants and children. The chase wound up at a saloon. A small dark figure ahead of us I saw duck through the door of "Jake's Place." The stampeding mob crashed through the door with such force that it could not stop itself before almost upsetting the bar. A whiskey bottle turned over and fell off with a crash. The bartender took it philosophically. "Nigger! Nigger! Get a rope!" Under such circumstances even whiskey was not precious.

"Nigger, nigger—get a rope!" But the "nigger" was gone. The mob had overlooked a side entrance out of which he had slipped. Everybody laughed. "He done got away," said a florid-faced gentleman. "Where'd he go?" "Have a drink." "Hell, we missed him." "Have a drink."

A few minutes of quiet, and then somebody asked: "What's he done?" "I don't know," said the florid-faced gentleman, "somethin'."

"What did the nigger do? Do you know?" "Say, Joe, what did the nigger do?" "I don't know. Harry said he done something." "Where's Harry?"

Harry was brought in. "What did the coon do?" "Who, the nigger? Oh, he done hit a fellow. Dep'ty sheriff asked him

what he was doin', and he got flip, and the dep'ty grabbed him and the coon hit the dep'ty and hiked."

"Hell, he clean got away. He looked like one of them fresh niggers from the No'th."

But I was brought to with a start—the first witness was to be called; Cunha was speaking; his little eyes turned upon me whom he had accused of being in a plot here in California to kill the governor at a time when I had never even been in the State in my life. Cunha has never seen fit to apologize since then. Poor little Cunha!

His eyes were not the eyes of viciousness, precisely; something hopeless in them, something hopelessly shallow. Little, stupid eyes, that seemed to grope for some vague moral principle that he realized he could not easily understand. He looked so much like one of the young men that I saw in that mob; "Get a rope!" I could hear him say. "Get a rope! Labor Agitator! What if he didn't do it! He's an anarchist, rank anarchist! Get a rope!"

The first witness was called, Dr. David Stafford, autopsy physician who performed the autopsies on nine of the ten victims of the preparedness parade bomb. Dr. Stafford told the details of the wounds, of the mangled human flesh, of the death that was caused by that bomb. I can never get used to mangled flesh—to death. I have seen it by the trainload, by the battle-fieldful; I have carried it on stretchers, I have smelled it and lived through a night of crashing artillery-thunder with it; but I can't get used to it. And my heart ached as the doctor told the story of the men and women and children that were killed on July 22d. I asked myself why they were killed, and I could not answer the question. People were marching in a parade, they were expressing a belief just as they might have expressed the same belief by word of mouth or from the printing-press. They had a right to express that belief. The most sacred principle on earth is the right of free expression. I remember what Emma Goldman once said when a leading citizen of Chicago expressed the desire to lead a mob "to hang every anarchist to a lamp-post." Emma Goldman's reply was this: "I believe in free speech; I would shoulder a rifle to fight for the right of that man to express that idea."

Hymn of Courage

JAMES WALDO FAWCETT

I see old men grow tired and fall beside the path,
I see sweet youth bend in the storm, and take
The sheltered road beneath, and furl our flags,
And speak no more of that great day in which Revolt
Shall flame across the sullied skies, and strike
The shackles from the broken limbs of Man.

I see the roses fade in girlish cheeks, and eyes
Grow dull and dim that once were filled with fire,
And see the old, worn kings go marching proudly by
And masters bend the race unto their will, and take
The bread from children's mouths, and steal the love
From out the souls of brothers in the strife.

Importance of Agitation

Men blame us for the bitterness of our language and the personality of our attacks. It results from our position. The great mass of the people can never be made to stay and argue a long question. They must be made to feel it through the hides of their idols. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

Power is ever stealing from the many to the few.

The manna of popular liberty must be gathered every day or it is rotten.

The hand entrusted with power becomes the necessary enemy of the people.

I believe in the right of those who differ with me to express their opinions, and I believe that an assault upon a free expression by any man, no matter how vicious or stupid his thought may be, or whether made by word or by peaceful demonstration, is the most dangerous, the most criminal of all acts. I think that I truly express the anarchist's viewpoint in that matter.

But suddenly there is a stir in the courtroom; little Cunha is excited—"What did he say?" Dr. Stafford had ceased the routine recital and begun to answer questions in a more general way. Bourke Cockran raised an objection; more confusion; cross-examination, and then the words of truth rang out through the courtroom: "I believe the bomb exploded before it reached the sidewalk!"

The Frame-Up system was betrayed by a word of truth from the State's first witness! Black with anger, Cunha stumbled, hesitated, and sought to impeach his own witness—too late. Fickert flushed red and looked at the floor. The truth is out; the vile plot to destroy five human lives on the perjury of the underworld has been stripped naked.

That night the autopsy physician had a long interview with the district attorney. In the morning he was recalled to the stand to withdraw his testimony that the bomb must have been thrown. He'd "been talking to the district attorney since, and he didn't think he should have said what he did!"

But, never mind, Doctor, nothing you can do will change it; you first spoke the truth gathered from your scientific work on the bodies of the victims. Now you've "seen the district attorney," as you admit, and feel that it is your duty to help his theory in the hanging of Tom Mooney; we know how it is, when a man has an official position.

But the back of the Frame-Up is broken, and the truth from the mouth of the State's first witness cannot be erased.

The suitcase theory, built up probably from the psychology of the McNamara suitcase bomb trial, has always looked dishonest; probably it will soon be deserted and the cry "Get a rope! Get a rope! Labor agitator!" will die out in the light of truth.

But I am not cast down; my heart still cries for peace,
My eyes still hold the glint of hate for tyrant power,
My lips still sing the rebel song, my hands still ache
To catch the fallen banner and go down in the wild host
Wrapped in its folds all crimson with our own glad blood
Shed in the deathless cause of Light at war with Night.

Come stand together, Brothers, for the fray;
Take up with me the broken sword of common wrath,
And with me climb the steely gates of fortified shame
And plant the people's pennon on the crumbled tower
To speak to all the world of Right too long denied;
Come stand together, Brothers; dawn is here!

Only by uninterrupted agitation can a people be kept sufficiently awake to principle not to let liberty be smothered by material prosperity.

Every government is always growing corrupt. Every secretary of state is, by the very necessity of his position, an apostate. He is an enemy to the people, of necessity, because the moment he joins the government he gravitates against the popular agitation, which is the life of the republic.

The public that sinks to sleep, trusting to constitutions and machinery, politicians and statesmen, for the safety of its liberty, never will have any. GARRISON

Preparedness

FRED WATSON

I HAVE been asked to say something about the condition of things in Great Britain during the war. I may have many things to say that will be of interest to the readers of THE BLAST, but before I say them I want to give expression to a thought that has hit me forcibly since coming to the United States. It is a word of warning that I wish to utter, which comes to me as the result of my experience during the war period in Europe.

Be prepared! That is the cry of the militarists in America just now. It is a fine phrase—for them. For they are keeping a watchful eye on the future, and do not intend to take any chances in the matter of war. Being the party that make the wars, they know that war "cometh in such an hour as ye think not," and one-half the victory is assured to the side being best prepared. They are therefore getting ready, and their cry should have a peculiar significance for us who are anti-militarists. Are we prepared? "Prepared for what?" You ask. Prepared for that day for which the militarist is so anxious to be ready. That day when, at the drop of the hat, the wise men who rule over us will declare that the people of such and such a country have sinned against the dignity of the United States. We will be called upon to defend our honor; forthwith "these vile traducers of our fair name are our enemies," and they must be annihilated. Then the parrot cries of the jingo press will resound through the country; war-fever will set in, usually level-headed people will become stricken with it, and the erstwhile anti-militarists will shoulder their guns and march away in "freedom's cause." To check this fever when once it has begun, is like trying to check a rick fire in a gale.

There is a decided anti-militarist propaganda going on at this moment; but what are its objects, or more precisely, its plans? Has it any plan of campaign besides denunciatory outbursts in speech and pamphlet? Are the anti-militarists getting as prepared as the militarists?

A few years ago in Great Britain the militarists started a great preparedness campaign. They shouted, "We must have a bigger navy, and the army must be made more efficient." They warned the country to be prepared for a war with Germany. This was years ago. The government pooh-poohed the idea—in public, but went silently along preparing. The navy was doubled, the army was reorganized, and other schemes were set on foot. The pacifist M. P.'s uttered protests, and the wise, wise workingman only shook his head and said that a European war in this twentieth century was incredible, impossible, and he went to sleep again. We all, more or less, regarded things in his light, and so our propaganda became, like so many of our activities, relegated to purely academic dissertations, with occasionally a little practical work. The anti-militarist section of the Socialist bureau made noble speeches and issued literature, declaring that the workers were becoming too closely knit to allow a war between two such peoples as the British and the Germans. As a platform utterance this sounded very well, but in actual fact it left out of consideration one or two things.

It omitted to take into consideration the fact that governments make war without consulting the people; that when war is in the air, the Iron Hand is specially weighted; and, what perhaps is the most important factor, the psychological effect of a sentimental battle cry, which will have an effect that miles of argument will fail to produce, winning over all but the most deeply dyed pacifists, a small minority.

Anti-militarist propaganda in Great Britain before August, 1914, was, if anything, more active than it is here, but what did it consist of? Leaflet distribution, occasional speeches, and so on. A dozen or more men went to jail for their activities, and were acclaimed heroes. The net result of their labors and

their sacrifices was practically nil.

When it became obvious that Great Britain would (as the result of secret diplomatic promises) become embroiled in the quarrel between Austria and Serbia, the jingo press got busy. They wasted no time in speculation as to what might happen. They knew. The country was flooded with patriotic appeals. The handy and effective excuse, an essential preliminary to war, was supplied by Germany, and the flood gates of sentimental gush were opened wide. The heart of "the man in the street" was touched, and he threw aside his preconceived notions and rushed to join the colors. Too late then to appeal to reason. One could only stand and stare, and hold tight on to oneself to prevent being carried along on the tide.

The government prevented any concerted demonstration or expression of opinion, by one or two subtle moves. The first of these was the Press Bureau, an institution set up by previous arrangement with the large newspapers, for the purpose of keeping a rigid censorship on all news. Before this grand inquisitor all news or articles had to be submitted, and any criticism of the government, or news not of a favorable kind, was deleted. Not only did the Press Bureau censor news, but they made it; and if they had needed a motto they could have done no better than inscribe upon their portals, "*Suppressio veri, suggestio falsi*."

This was the first card to be played, and the second was the infamous Defense of the Realm act, which placed Great Britain under the control of the naval and military authorities. All individual freedom was promptly extinguished. This act gave unlimited power to the competent naval or military authority. He could enter houses, private and business, without a warrant; could seize papers, etc., without a warrant; and could arrest without a warrant any person whom he suspected of making statements or issuing reports which were calculated to cause disaffection or alarm among His Majesty's subjects, or to prejudice recruiting. To put it in a nutshell, in plain English, he could do as he damn well pleased, and he did. No trial by jury and no assumption of innocence until found guilty. The rights of Magna Charta were swept away by this act, which passed through Parliament in less minutes than the miners' eight-hour bill took years.

These things may be old, stale news to you now, but they are worth bearing in mind. These quick and adroit moves of the government, which had been mapped out years before and pigeon-holed, took the wind out of the sails of the anti-militarists, and made well-nigh impossible any real action. It was too late for propaganda and in their short-sightedness no thought had been given to doing anything; they had only talked about it. A few courageous spirits tried to catch up with the lost opportunities but they were as voices crying in the wilderness, and where they were not promptly clapped into jail, their cries were overwhelmed in the din of the storm. The leaders who were so often heard at the congresses, what of them? With one or two exceptions they rushed to the side of the bosses and became recruiting sergeants, and those who did not were threatened by the government.

Too late, too late.

The anti-militarists of Europe failed to have any effect in the moment of crisis, because, unlike the bosses, they had not prepared. Their campaign had been one of saying things. The campaign of the bosses was doing things, and they won.

The bosses here are doing things, and they will win, unless we take a lesson from the European catastrophe and prepare to do something besides talk, to meet the not remote possibility of a war in which America will be one of the belligerents.

The militarists are prepared.

The anti-militarists are —?

THE BLAST

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Mail Address, Box 661

Phone, Park 499

Alexander Berkman, Editor and Publisher
M. E. Fitzgerald, Associate Worker

Carl Newlander, Assistant

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Reflections

Political Fruit

WHAT is the use of talking of the rights of labor, of justice in the courts, of free speech and press, when the very foundation of it all is gradually but fatally being removed from our very feet? But a very short time and we shall find ourselves hemmed in by the bayonets of a legislative imperialism such as the world had never seen before.

To mention but one significant instance of the dominant tendency of these days, Congress is planning a law that will effectively terminate the right of strike. The experiment is first to be tried on the railroad men. If successful, it will soon be applied universally. And successful it will surely be. Why not? Has not the hand of the military in these United States already been powerfully strengthened with a view of coping with the "internal enemy?"

Compulsory arbitration and deprivation of the right to strike means nothing less than the complete subjugation of American labor to the will of our captains of industry. Aye, those to be forcibly subjugated can themselves be called upon—to do the power vested in the President by recent legislation—to do the subjugating. An emergency draft, nothing less. Compulsory arbitration spells the practical extermination of effective unionism.

And labor? What is its answer? These new Congressional projects are not the concern of the railroad men only, though the contemplated law is directed against them—for the present. It involves all labor, and every progressive man and woman. Indeed, it forges new and more terrible chains for the coming generations. And where is the united voice of the working class and of every decent man and woman in this country to cry a halt, to put an end to the new tendencies that will promise to out-Russianize Russia in these free United States?

The "Scab Book"

A PECULIAR mockery, there is, in the issuance just now of the great Chamber of Commerce "Scab Book," branding San Francisco Labor with the charge of crimes of every sort, from that of trying to get a living to that of blowing up the preparedness parade. This "Scab Book" recites an amusingly foolish tale of all the strikes of recent times about the Bay Cities and winds up with a brutally foolish statement in regard to the preparedness parade bomb.

"It was the terrible culmination of San Francisco's long period of lawlessness, of intimidation, of coercion" (referring to the Longshoremen's strike, the Culinary Workers' strike, etc.). "It came at a time when the Law and Order Committee had been organized to correct the evils at the foundation of just such conditions as led to the bomb outrage * * *"

What will Labor say to that? Of course, it is not true that labor activities had anything to do with the assault on the preparedness parade. But the assault upon organized labor members, using the parade bomb affair, as related by hired perjurers, as the excuse, is connected with the labor struggle by the Chamber of Commerce which inspires the attack. If you doubted it before, Labor, read the Chamber of Commerce "Scab Book" and then get into the struggle to save your innocent brothers and your movement from destruction.

If you need further convincing, take notice of the fact that the prosecution tried to jam into the jury one detective and one strikebreaker gunman from the Automobile Machinists' strike in which Billings and Nolan were aligned on the side of Labor, at the wrong end of that strikebreaker's gun. Also note that the rising anger of Labor has already put the politician prosecutors in a nervous state, so that, after carefully eliminating all union workingmen from the actual jury, they made a grand stand play by graciously accepting for the thirteenth juror, who is extremely unlikely to serve, a perfectly good union electrician.

Latest News

SAN FRANCISCO papers just announce that Martin Swanson, erstwhile private detective for the Pacific Gas & Electric Company and the United Railroads (now said to be only on the public pay-roll), has been subpoenaed as a witness for the defense of Tom Mooney. The papers suggest that Swanson may be asked questions in regard to his alleged attempt to bribe witnesses in the cases of Billings and Mooney.

Simultaneously, *The News* announces that Traffic Officer Clarence Bormouth admits that a woman long sought as a witness had given him her address and told him a few minutes after the explosion that she had seen a bomb thrown. The policeman claims very conveniently to have lost the notebook in which he put her name and address. In full accord with the diabolical scheme to hang innocent men on perjured testimony, the prosecution is frantically trying to keep this witness from being discovered. It will be remembered that one other eye-witness was shipped out of the city by the police and several terrorized to keep them from appearing in the Billings case. District Attorney Fickert admits that he saw and received information from the woman witness as to the thrown bomb a few minutes after the explosion and tries to explain his effort to keep her from being discovered by saying that she was hysterical and not to be credited.

Why not let the jury decide whether to believe this woman who got excited upon seeing ten persons slaughtered, or to believe your drug-victim convict witnesses, who boast of the blood money you hold before their eyes, Fickert?

Ye Blasters

IF IT be necessary to explain so obvious a thing to minds above the caliber of detectives' minds, be ye hereby informed that the honorable assistant district attorney of San Francisco lied in stating that he found in the office of THE BLAST evidence connecting us all with many plots, such as "killing President Wilson," "assassinating Governor Johnson," "blowing up the State of California and the Rocky Mountains," "blasting a hole in the bottom of the Pacific Ocean" to let the United States Navy sink through, and "betraying organized labor."

Did you know, dear Blasters, that the blasting that you were to do was physical blasting with unmetaphorical dynamite? So the "blast" from the prosecuting attorney informed us last week. And did you also know that the drawing of the words, "THE BLAST," used as this paper's title head, is a drawing of a dynamite explosion? We also received a "blast" to that effect and to the astonishment of the artist, in the court where Tom Mooney is being tried.

(It appears that we have been thus concealing our sinister plots on the printing press and through the mails. Of course you have noticed that we have tried to sell as few papers as possible on the newstands and to subscribers in order to keep the secret.)

RICARDO FLORES MAGON is sick. There is danger of his death. Not because his illness is of too serious nature for medical science, but because there is not enough money to pay for the printing of his glorious paper of rebellion,

Regeneration, and to pay for doctors, too. And if one or the other must die, it will be Ricardo, for Ricardo will not save himself at the expense of the work for which he has risked his life and repeatedly lost his liberty these many years. We hope that there is somewhere someone who can make a little sacrifice to secure the scientific treatment that will save the Kropotkin of Mexico.

DR. BEN REITMAN has been sentenced in Cleveland to serve six months in the workhouse and pay \$1000 fine, for "giving information."

The particular kind of information does not matter—to tell the truth is a sin. Dr. Reitman's information was given on the subject of birth control hygiene. If he had given some vicious form of misinformation such as given by the myriad of charlatans that feed upon men's and women's ignorance, he'd not have been prosecuted. But it was proven in court that the printed matter that Reitman gave out told the truth—and so he feels the heavy hand of Law.

AGNES THEKLA FAIR is dead. Thekla was a genius in her own peculiar way. All genius has its peculiar ways. Thekla's way made her known as a "soapboxer." Thekla rarely had railroad fare, and yet Thekla could not be kept away from where trouble brewed for Labor. So Thekla was known to many as the "Hobo Agitator." Her life expressed itself in another way, also, for her genius soared at times above the routine of breakbeams, strikes and soapboxes and expressed itself in verse. Thekla Fair's poems are not built on the usual line. In fact, I have heard them described as "crazy," just as Whitman's were once described. In talking to an editor recently, he told me that he couldn't make up his mind whether Thekla's poems were utterly worthless or stupendously great. I saw the editor again a few days later and he said that they were probably "wild" but that he could not forget them—could not erase the picture they put into his mind—and that they had to be, must be published.

Thekla ran to meet death—a death as wild as the life she lived, on the rails beneath a flying train. A death that she preferred to the slow and stealthy death of tuberculosis, which reached its hand toward her.

R. M.

Wanted: A Blast

ARCH PERRIN

A BLAST is usually a prelude to action. Some of us hear the noon-day whistle and start for the dinner pail. The traffic cop blows a blast and the motors move. The sound of the siren tells the ship that there are rocks near by in the fog and she moves away.

Why not blow a blast that will compel brain action?

Why not blow a blast to remove prejudice and allow clear thinking?

* * *

We hear the roars of destruction in Europe. The triumph of civilization means the mangling and maiming and murder of the best of Europe's sons. We see the culmination of frenzied preparedness. Are we to prepare for the same catastrophic climax?

Blow a blast, somebody, that will startle us into thinking!

* * *

Our prisons are full to overflowing, and the stream of incoming convicts steadily swells. The damnable system is all wrong, has proved itself rotten, and still we are content to go on in the same old way. The position of warden is still a political plum instead of a vocation. Prison guards are still using loaded clubs instead of intelligence and understanding. No man is even taught a trade by which he can earn an honest living in the world outside the prison walls. Think that over!

Blow a blast that will force clear thinking! Let us forget catchwords, abolish old prejudices, destroy false sentimentality and do the thing most needed.

Birthday Greetings

New York, January 8, 1917.

Dear Blast:

GREETINGS and congratulations. What an eventful year you have just closed, and how wonderful that you have survived it all!

Every rebel who, like you, has launched out upon the path to undermine the citadel of Mammon has met with difficulties and hardships. They, like you, have had a thorny, up-hill road to travel. But none can boast to have crowded so much in so young a life as yours.

Think of having been suppressed by a mighty government of a hundred million people! To have been raided twice by the tools of the Chamber of Commerce and the United Railroads Company! To turn the peaceful sleep of the Law and Order Committee into a veritable nightmare; to harass the innocent dream of the prosecuting attorney! Think of having been the one lusty voice on the Coast to ring out powerfully against the vile and cruel conspiracy of Mammon's forces! At the same time to have brought cheer and hope to the victims of that conspiracy! Think of having brought together the bravest elements among labor from Coast to Coast to a realization of the dangers threatening the workers through this wide land!

What an achievement for *one year*! Verily, dear BLAST, you have good reason to rejoice and to begin your new year with justified pride and deep self-assurance.

Good luck, then, on your new journey. May it be more eventful than even the first year. May you grow ever stronger, ever more defiant, ever more powerful.

EMMA GOLDMAN

New York, January 5, 1917.

THE latest outrage of the authorities in raiding the offices of THE BLAST only serves to emphasize the very useful work that the paper is doing on the Pacific Coast.

It seems almost a miracle that THE BLAST has been able to survive for an entire year and to celebrate the anniversary of its founding. I know only too well the terribly difficult conditions under which it has been published, and I cannot recall that any other revolutionary Labor paper in the West has been able to live so long.

I have read every issue of THE BLAST since it was started, and I have always read it with interest. It has been a monument to the militant spirit of Alexander Berkman.

I know that Comrade Berkman does not want any bouquets, but I cannot refrain from expressing my admiration for his wonderful spirit. He has been almost alone in San Francisco. He has had to face the odium created by the bomb thrown at the preparedness parade last summer. He has had to meet and repel attacks that would surely have crushed a weaker man. And he has been absolutely fearless and absolutely uncompromising throughout the entire year.

Long live THE BLAST, and long live Alexander Berkman!

LEONARD D. ABBOTT

ATTENTION!

THE work I came to do in New York in behalf of our friends imprisoned in San Francisco, is about completed.

I am planning to leave New York the first week of February, and I shall be glad to address mass meetings in the large industrial cities, on my way to the Coast.

Labor organizations, Workmen's Circle Branches, Groups or individuals who are interested and willing to arrange meetings to aid the San Francisco labor victims, please communicate with me at once.

ALEXANDER BERKMAN,

20 East 125th Street,

New York, N. Y.

Extract From a Letter

(By Anton Johannsen to a Friend)

THE city of Everett is, in a sense, the center of the great lumber industry, which is the organic industry of the Pacific Northwest. A man by the name of Hartley is one of the largest lumber financiers in Washington. He resides in Everett and was the candidate for the republican gubernatorial nomination last fall, declaring himself, publicly, openly and defiantly for the open shop and the destruction of the menace of unionism. He failed in the nomination, but spent about \$100,000 in the campaign. Mr. Hartley was the leading factor in the lumber trust against any and all forms of union labor.

The shingle weavers had an organization in Everett—in fact, they are fairly well organized in this lumber industry, being highly skilled men. A strike was declared at Everett last July and during the course of this strike which was conducted very respectably, the members of the chamber of commerce of Everett organized a vigilante committee of two hundred and fifty, took the law into their own hands and arbitrarily prohibited the shingle weavers from picketing the job, and when these men insisted upon the right to picket, they were treated with the most brutal form of violence by those so-called respectable bastard business men.

In one instance—called most forcibly to my attention—a young man 23 years old was arrested on suspicion that he was an I. W. W. because he wore overalls and had no steady job. The Mayor of the city and two deputy sheriffs grabbed hold of this young man by the hair of the head and slammed his face violently against the iron floor of the jail until he was unconscious, after which they placed his fingers, one at a time, under the foot of an iron bedstead and then jumped on top of the bed until they literally crushed all his fingers. This extreme brutal conduct on the part of the business men of Everett fired the flame of hate and sowed the seed of revenge which, afterwards, culminated in the massacre of November 5, 1916.

On November 5, 1916, two hundred and thirty I. W. W.'s boarded a boat in Seattle and proceeded to Everett determined to hold a public meeting against the brutality of the chamber of commerce.

This boat was a regular passenger boat and on this particular trip carried about thirty-five passengers in addition to the I. W. W.'s. When the boat was about to land at Everett, they were met at the docks by the sheriff and a posse. The sheriff came to the edge of the water and demanded an interview with the leader. The I. W. W.'s on the boat in unison answered, "We are all leaders." After this the shooting began. It has not been ascertained who fired the first shot, each side claiming that the other did it.

A machine gun was planted on the wharf, but unfortunately, some well-aiming chump on the boat shot the only man that understood how to operate a machine gun, killing him instantly. What a shame that those brave business men that are so patriotic and generally in favor of war, were so helpless on this occasion, having only one man in their group that understood how to operate a machine gun!

This man was a former colonel in the army and he was the first one shot, perhaps this is part of the law of compensation, so ably set forth in (*) Emerson's "Essays."

The ex-sheriff of this county was also in the front to protect the robber class. He met the same fate as the colonel and was killed instantly. The present sheriff was formerly a member of the Shingle Weavers' Union, but after elected to office, became a bold and brutal defender of the privileged class.

Five I. W. W.'s on the boat were killed outright—all of them young men between the ages of 18 and 28—and some twenty odd were injured. The vigilantes had two men killed and twenty-five injured. Over two hundred I. W. W.'s were placed under arrest including the wounded. The dead ones, of course, were not put in jail.

The Mayor of Seattle, Mr. Gill, showed considerable courage and understanding. He issued a public statement charging that the business men of Everett were responsible for this unnecessary loss of life. He further stated that the chamber of commerce of Everett had taken the law into their own hands in a most disgraceful manner and used violence of a most abominable character in their mad endeavors to destroy the labor unions in Everett, Wash. You should have heard the members of the chamber of commerce of Seattle in their meeting denouncing Mayor Gill and demanding his recall, but Mayor Gill stood pat, telling them "to go to it." However, Labor is well organized

* (EDITOR'S NOTE—Dear Mr. Fickert: The man referred to here was one Ralph Waldo Emerson, a notorious and desperate anarchist of the Boston water-front and ex-convict, who wrote wicked books very hard for policemen to understand.)

in Seattle and has a splendid militant spirit. They backed up the Mayor with the result that the chamber of commerce put a quietus on the recall gossip.

The labor movement in Seattle is behind the I. W. W.'s in this defense, both morally and financially. A protest meeting was held November 19th, filling the largest hall in Seattle with an overflow meeting on the street.

Of course the "wobblies" came to this public meeting with their red song books singing "Onward Christian Soldiers." It was a splendid meeting and aroused a great deal of interest and enthusiasm in behalf of the men in jail.

One of the men on the boat by the name of Carlson was shot twelve times. He was a man of exceptional physique and has recovered. Carlson has entered suit for \$100,000 against the city of Everett and a suit for a like amount against the chamber of commerce. Carlson is a republican in politics and has never been a member of any labor union. He should be able to make it rather warm for these lumber kings in Everett.

The jailors in Everett are certainly having their troubles with these eighty-four prisoners who seem very little concerned at the serious charges of murder filed against them. They are in the main, young men, ranging from the age of 18 to 45. Most of them have been working in the harvest fields. All of them have great faith in the coming social revolution and so they are singing their songs in the jail.

One of the first things they did was to inaugurate a hunger strike against the bad food. When the jailer brought the mush up to them one morning, they threw it right back into his "mush" and plastered it all over the prison bars. They made so damn much noise that the people on the street protested and they could not be quieted until their food demands had been gratified.

The first two weeks, the attorneys were not permitted to see the defendants, but I presume this was a little too raw even for the judges on the bench and so this rule was abrogated by judicial mandate.

Colonel Wood was up here to investigate the case and to give advice as to the best means of defense, etc. Fred Moore has been here for some time gathering the physical facts for preparation in the case. It is an excellent case in my opinion and I am certain will bring out, in a very clear manner, the hypocrisy and murder spirit of the business element in Everett, Wash.

A Story Labor Won't Forget

ON Bloody Sunday, November 5th, when the deputies of Everett shot down workingmen in cold blood, a call was issued for the local unit of the naval militia to muster. A lad, Ted Kennedy, a member of the Everett division, refused to don his uniform and go to the armory in response to this call. His company assembled under arms without him, and he was marched to the county jail under an armed guard of a squad of his company.

Kennedy, who is only 18 years of age, said that he was not required to take part in civil strife and that he would have nothing to do with the coercing or shooting of workingmen. He went willingly to prison, although threatened with Court Martial and all sorts of dire punishment for his "unpatriotic" act, rather than be used as a tool for the lumber bosses in the denial of Free Speech to Labor. The militia authorities thought it better to hush the matter up—probable because, if noised around, it would set a bad example to other young militiamen—so that the boy was not punished after all. But the bravery of this lad will long be remembered by the workers of America. It takes quite a little courage to stand out against your "superior officers" and to be branded by the young men with whom you went to school and have associated all your life. All honor to young Kennedy and may the spirit that moved him grow apace among the youth of the country!

"I should like to see every I. W. W. hanged!"

Why? Because they believe in free speech? Because they don't admire the present labor situation? Because they take the Declaration of Independence seriously? Why do we always read in the daily papers of a "mob" of I. W. W.'s and a "posse" of citizens?

A. P.

The Four

OUR population is made up of four distinct classes. Catalogued in the order of their numbers these are: Those Who Do Not Think, Those Who Think They Think, Those Who Think Wrong and Those Who Think.

The first-named class has converted the pastime of not thinking about anything into that king of national sports called Cheery Optimism, whose motto, "God's in His heaven; all's well with the world," is peculiarly well suited to mental ineptitude, as it is quite apparent to even the meanest intelligence that just now all is not well with the world. Some idea of the numerical strength of this class may be gleaned from the fact that all books, magazines, plays and ballads called "popular" are addressed directly to them.

Editors refer to them affectionately, and carefully "de-thought" their literature in deference to their taste. For serious reading they give them "American Girls Who Wear Coronets," "Christmas in Many Lands," and "The Toymakers of Nuremberg." The characters most favored in fiction by Those Who Do Not Think are the cowboy who proved to be an English earl and the benevolent washerwoman who does so much good that her readers can cry and feel generous without spending a single cent. To this class a happy ending is a delicious mental cud, to be chewed from the closing of the book until bedtime.

A censorious world gives but grudging credit to the theatrical manager, who alone has proved the innermost recesses of the empty American head. It is he who engages a composer of the rum-ti-tum school and eight librettists to prepare a musical comedy whose finest fruit is the song, "Ain't I the Daisy Little Peach?" a splendid synecopation to which—the management having interest in the song rights—the "Don't Thinks" are played out into the lobby, where the words-and-music panthers lurk for their prey.

In the higher strata of society are to be found those who, having escaped the primal curse of labor as well as the heavier burden of thought, seek out the restaurant that supplies the worst food at the highest cost to an accompaniment of music that kills all attempts to think.

The sense of humor in this class is such that they have been hee-hawing ever since Bryan was convicted of the one sensible utterance of his life—that grape juice is a good summer drink.—James L. Ford in "Life."

DEFENSE FUNDS SAN FRANCISCO LABOR PRISONERS Per Alexander Berkman

Total collected to Nov. 22d, '16.....	\$1,868.02
Union Russian Workers, Detroit.....	1.50
Dr. M. Rasnick, Pittsburgh.....	5.00
J. H. Long, Oakland, Cal.....	1.00
Benj. Axelrod, Chicago.....	3.00
Circola di Studdi Sociale, Seattle per I. Bertson, Secy.....	10.30
Col. per Peter Armanini, Kan.....	28.00
Group Fraternidad, Boston.....	6.00
Bessie Kimmelman, Sub. List.....	4.10
Gus Telsch, Home, Wash.....	1.00
R. R. Sharma, Lindsay, Cal.....	2.00
Col. by "Volne Listy," N. Y., per V. Rejssek.....	50.00
Col. Carnegie Hall meeting, per Alexander Berkman.....	500.00
Union Russian Workers, Detroit, per H. Tsalewich.....	2.00
L. Grikstas, Brooklyn.....	1.00
Painters' Union, Tampa, Fla.....	5.00
J. D. Angelo, Pa.....	2.00
N. Y. Collections per Berkman.....	150.00
U. M. W. A., No. 1523.....	55.40
Group Luca Tenace, Miami, Ariz., per H. Armand.....	9.40
Collection per T. Ivanoff, Ham- trank, Mich.....	12.36
Martin Larson, Garretson, S. D.....	5.00
	\$2,722.08
Previously to Defense League.....	\$1,868.02
A. B. wired to League.....	500.00
To Robert Minor, Dec. 28th.....	205.40
To League, Jan. 8th, 1917.....	125.30
To Robert Minor, Jan. 23d.....	23.36
Jan. 23d, to Defense League.....	\$2,722.08

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R. J. Robinson, St. Louis, \$1; Kisluck, Sub. List, \$3.25; F. Pece, \$3; C. Farnara, Hawthorne, Cal., \$1; Social in Cleveland, per Jack Myers, \$6.90; M. Morris, Mon- tello, Mass., \$1; Lincoln Steffens, \$5; Marian Wharton, Ft. Scott, Kan., \$5; Lucha Terra, Miami, Ariz., per H. Ar- mand, \$14.25; Mrs. Edelman, Los An- geles, \$1; Grupo Anarquista, \$2; Thomas C. Hawly, Lodi, Cal., 50c; Burnstein, Chicago, \$3; M. Cipriani, Anaconda, Mont., \$9.50; Cornelia Boecklin, N. Y., \$1; John Clerc, Seattle, \$1; Col. by Cron- naca Sovverseva, \$3.50; Fanny Lansky, per Sub. List, \$4.90; L. Rosenberg, Sub. List, \$12.90; A. A. Sienkiewitz, \$5; Grupo Baricata, Iowa, \$1; Baker, S. F., \$1; John Baff, St. Louis, \$1; Constantine Taraboi, Kan., \$1; Pellegrini, Denver, \$1; Chas. Campomaggi, New York, Sub. List, \$3.25; Group Freiheit, Baltimore, \$10; W. W. Cummings, Los Angeles, \$1; D. Masino, Henrietta, Okla., \$1.50; Lydia Gibson, \$25; R. R. Sharma, \$1; Constan- tine Tarboi, Kan., \$2; The Group of Aid of Anarchist Movement Social, per Max Koldrun, N. Y., \$22.50; Lucha Terra Group, Miami, Ariz., Sub. List, per H. Armand, \$11.30; A Friend, \$1; A Friend, S. F., \$5; Dr. Rasnick, Pittsburgh, \$10; D. T. L., \$6; Martin Larson, S. D., \$5; Florence Sully, \$1; Prince Hopkins, \$10; Nell Moyer, \$3; J. Kabunell, Wichita, Kan., \$3; F. Rascher, St. Louis, \$2; John Meyers, Detroit, Mich., \$1; Theo. Ivanoff, Mich., \$2; O. Crook, Minneapolis, \$2; per A. Beyer, St. Louis, \$3.	
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JOHN G. LAWLOR

ATTORNEY AT LAW

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